

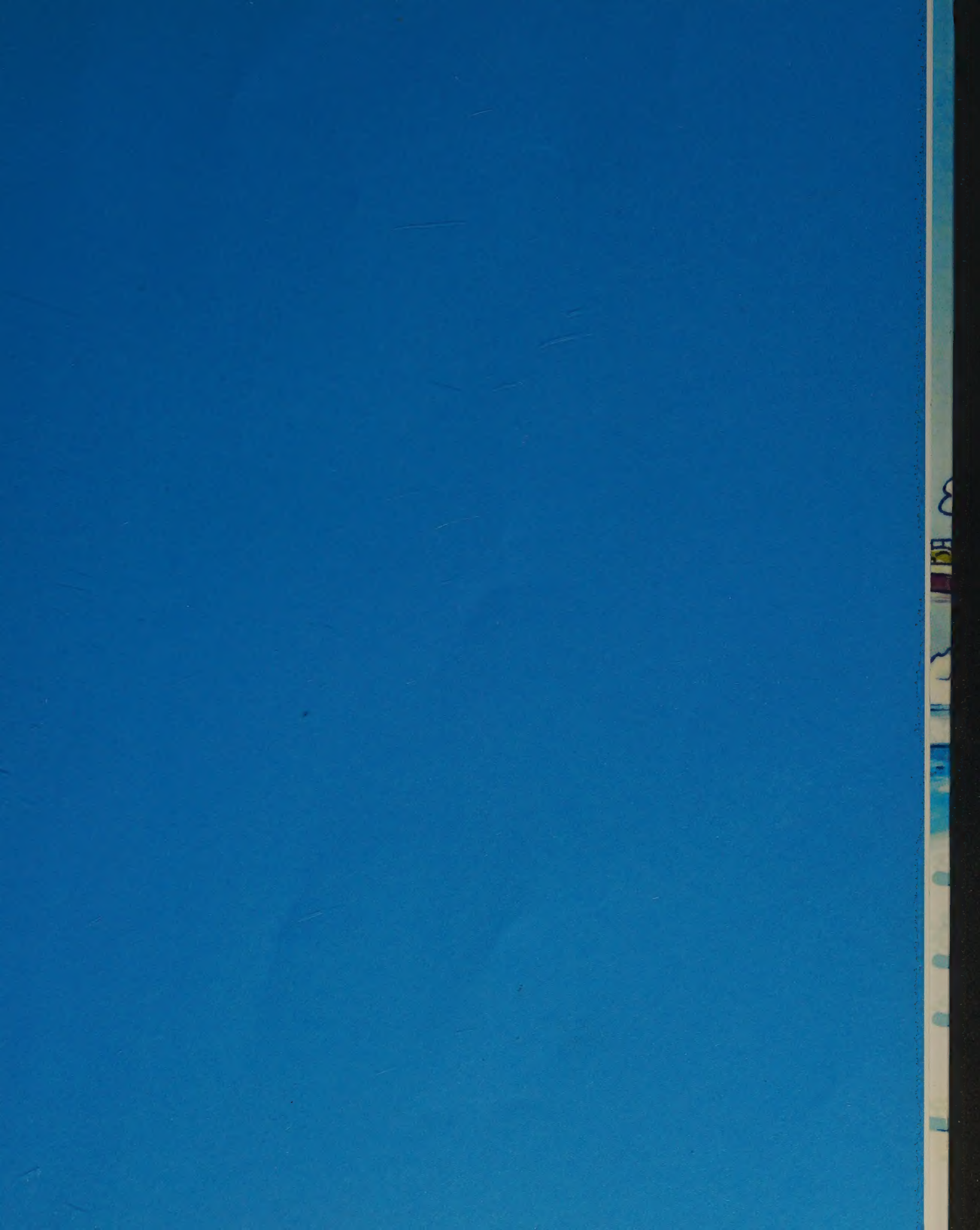
HILTON HEAD ADVENTURES

SCOOT'S NEW HOME



Ann Eilers Lilly

Illustrations by Steven Eilers





MAIN LAND

DOLPHIN HEAD

SKULL CREEK

BOAT HOUSE

CALIBOGUE SOUND

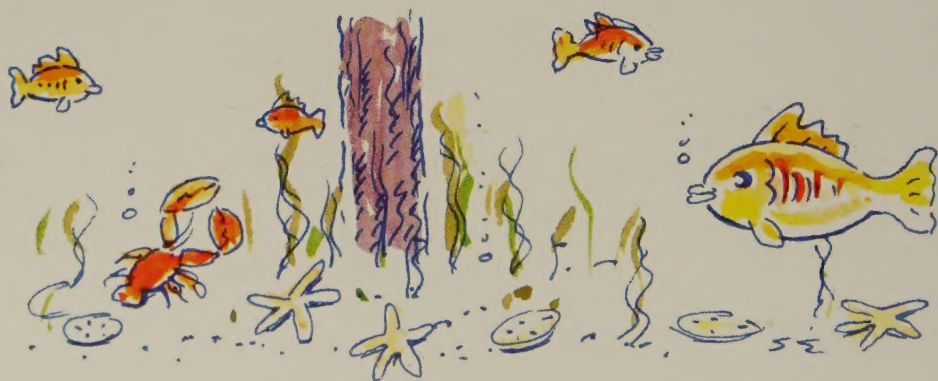
HILTON HEAD

ISLAND

ATLANTIC OCEAN

SEA PINES

HOPE YOU HAVE
FUN WITH SCOOT!
Ann Lilly



This Book Belongs To

Text & Illustrations copyright 2016 by Ann Lilly
All rights reserved, including the right of reproduction
in whole or part in any form.
Published by Lilly Creative, LLC.

For more information contact us at
www.scootaroundhiltonhead.com

The design of the Salty Dog logo is owned by
and is used with permission of Jake Dog, LLC.

The design of the Hilton Head Boathouse logo is
owned by and used with permission of the Hilton Head Boathouse.

The Harbor Town Lighthouse is a registered trademark of
The Sea Pines Resort and is used with permission of
The Sea Pines Resort.

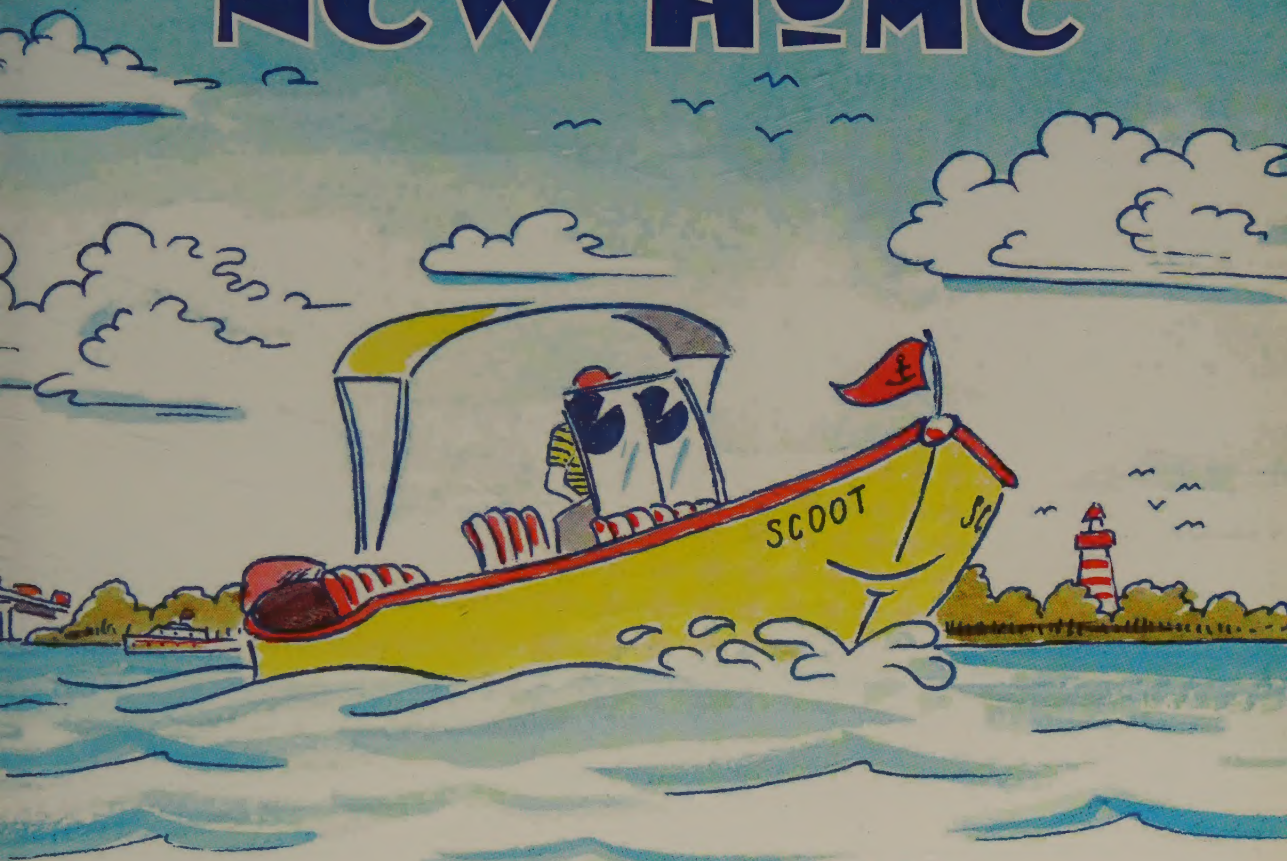


ISBN 978-0-9978550-0-5

Printed in China through Four Colour Print Group, Louisville, KY, USA
August 2016 by Shenzhen Caimei Printing Co., Ltd., Job# 42993-0

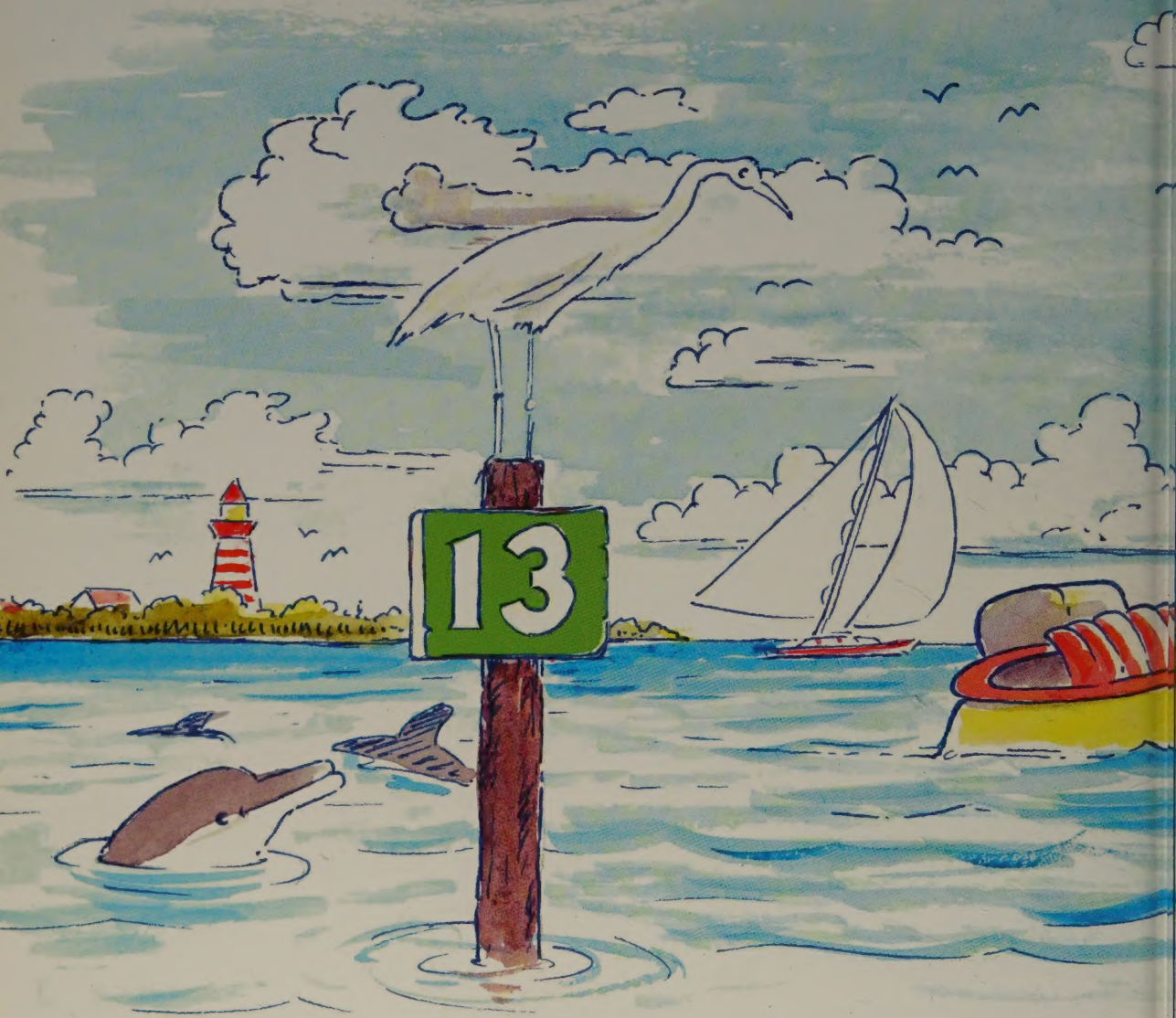
HILTON HEAD ADVENTURES

SCOOT'S NEW HOME



Ann Eilers Lilly

Illustrations by Steven Eilers





Scoot was a little boat with a big heart who lived on Hilton Head Island. Scoot loved Saturdays when his owner, Mr. B, took him out into the beautiful waters around the island.



One Saturday Mr. B came with another man to take Scoot to the water. The other man climbed aboard, but Mr. B stayed on shore.



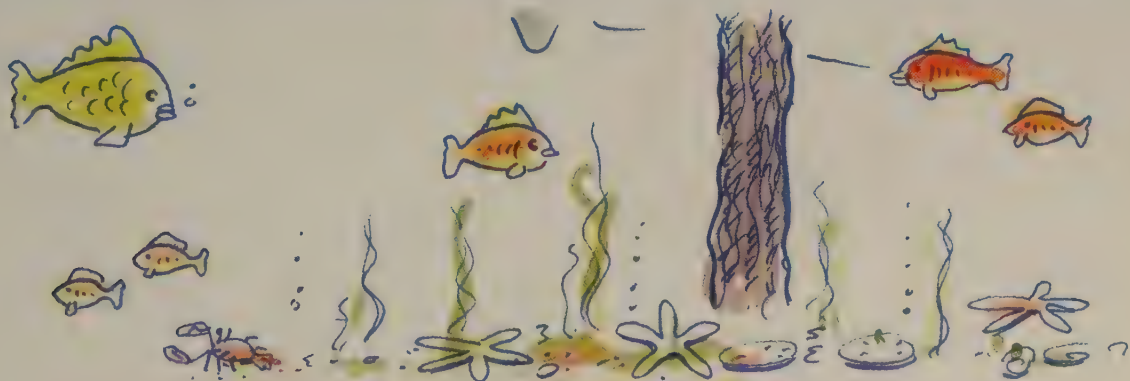
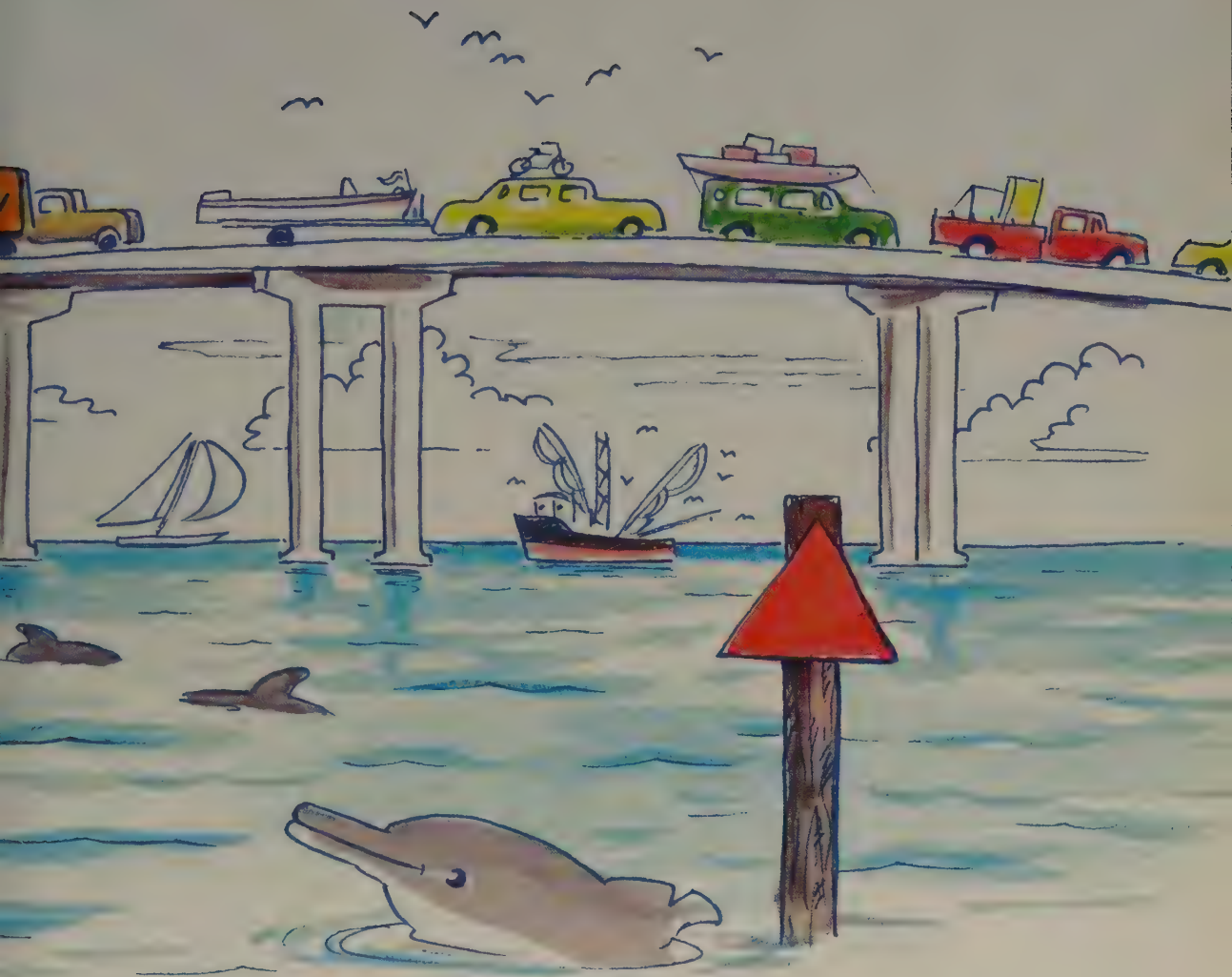
“Goodbye, Scoot,” said Mr. B as he patted Scoot’s bow. “You’ve been a good little boat. This is Captain. He will take good care of you.”



Captain took Scoot's wheel and moved him away from the shore.

'Oh No! Where is he taking me?'

Captain steered Scoot under the big bridge and into Skull Creek.







After a short ride, Captain pulled up to a dock. He tied Scoot off and walked away, leaving Scoot there all alone.



But Scoot wasn't alone. Other boats were all around him - big shiny cruisers, speed boats, and boats with fishing gear. The other boats all knew each other and soon noticed Scoot.

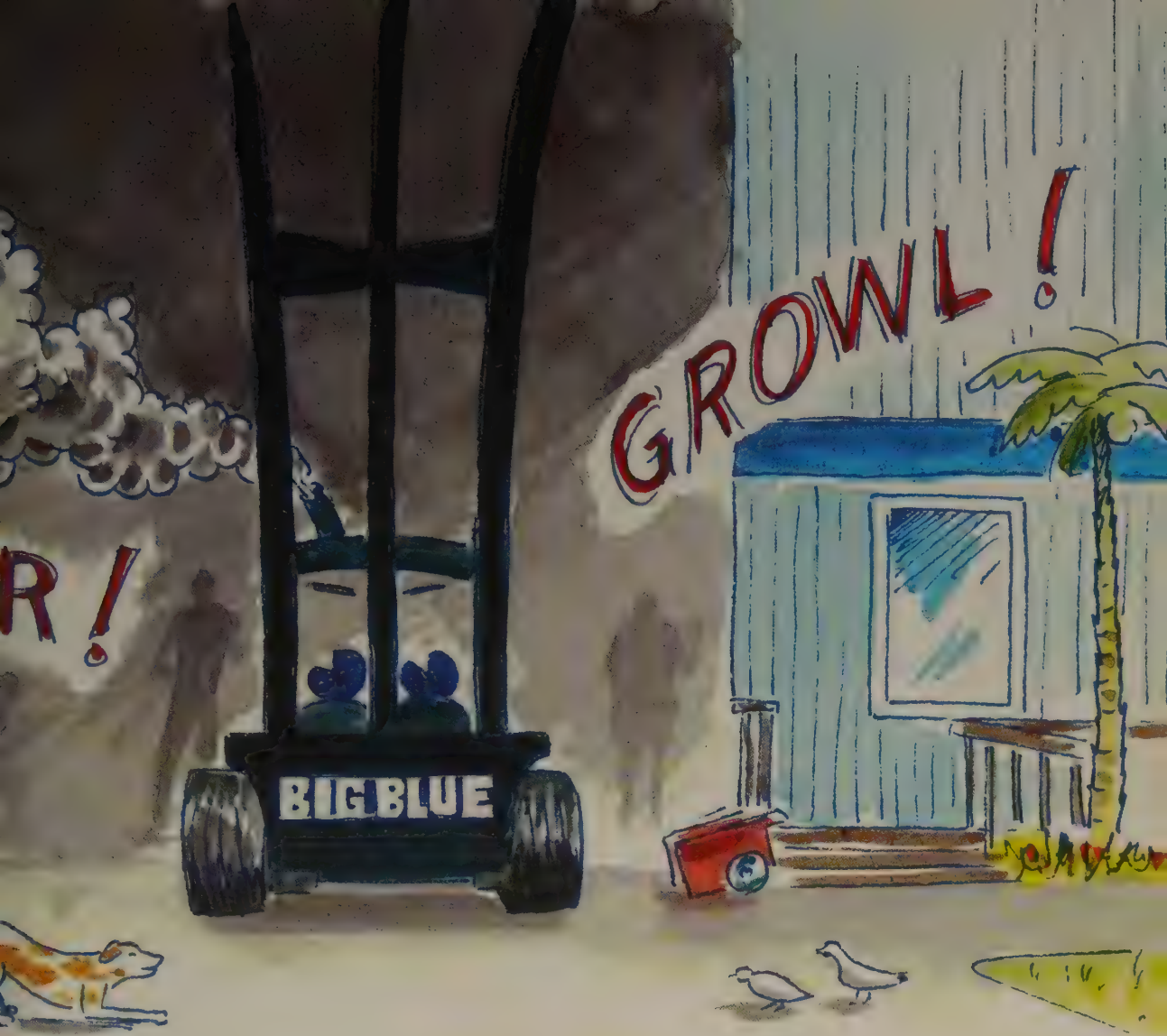


“Hey there, little boat. Where did you come from?”
said a big fishing boat.

Scoot didn’t know what to say. He’d never been
around other boats, except when passing them on the
water.



Suddenly, Scoot heard a loud noise - GROWL, ROAR, RUMBLE.



He looked up to see puffs of black smoke rising from a big blue machine moving toward him.

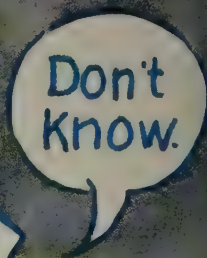
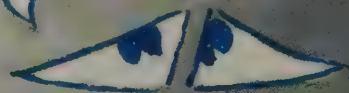
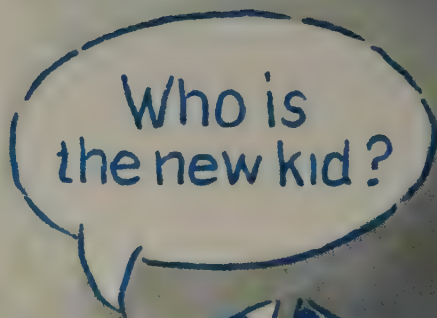
'Is it coming to get me?'



“I’m Big Blue, the forklift,” the machine growled.
Scoot was so scared that he started to shake.
“Umm, umm . . . I’m Ssss . . . Ssss . . . Scoot.”



“Don’t be afraid, Scoot. I won’t hurt you,” Big Blue said. He lowered his arms and lifted Scoot out of the water and raised him high into the air. Then he drove away from the dock toward a big building.



When they stopped moving, they were inside the building. It was so dark Scoot could barely see the boats stacked on shelves up to the ceiling.



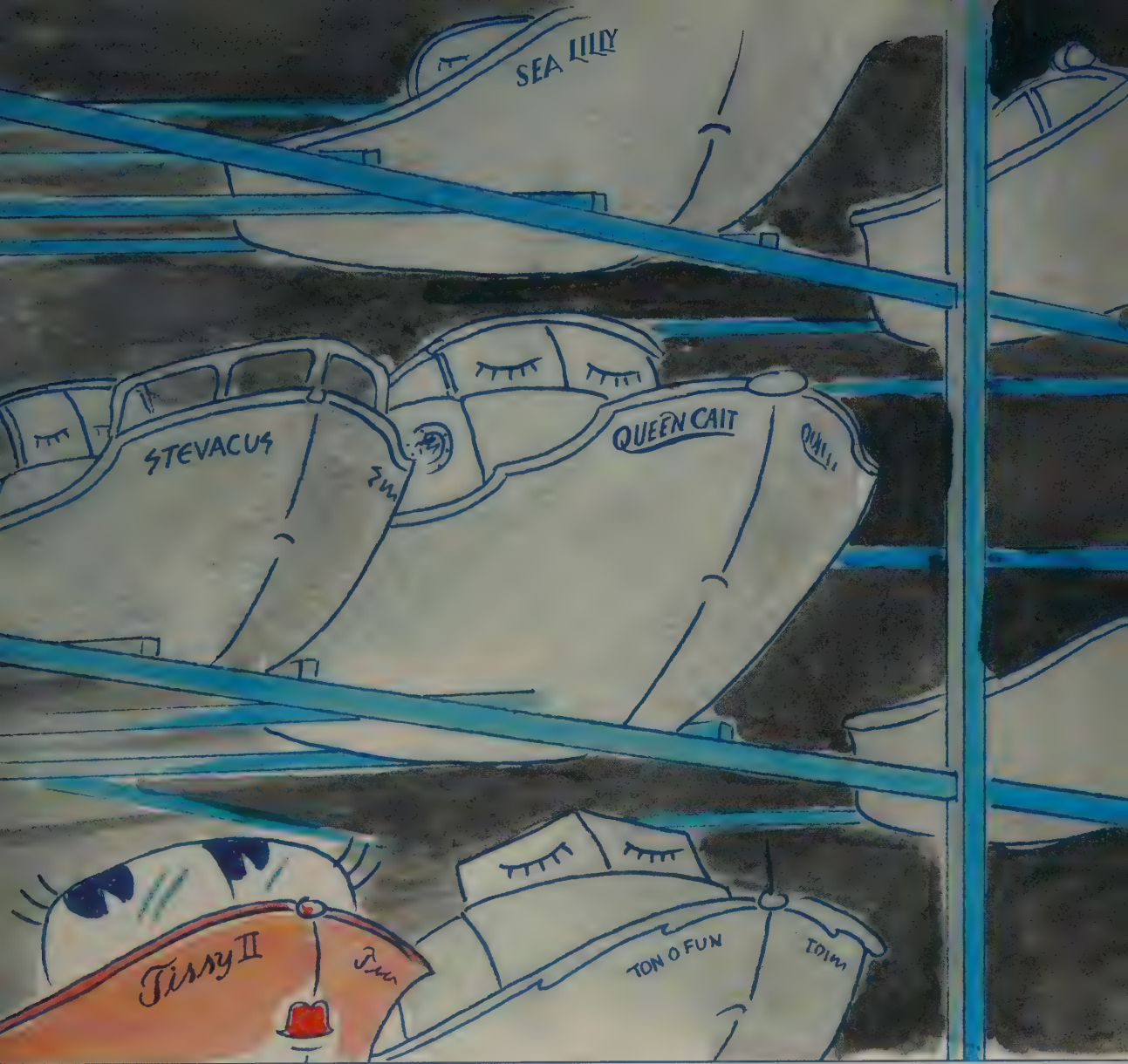
“We are inside the boathouse and this is your bunk,” said Big Blue as he gently placed Scoot on a shelf. “Get a good night’s sleep and maybe you can go in the water tomorrow.” Then Big Blue lowered his arms and drove away.



Scoot was sad. He missed Mr. B and this place was dark and scary. He started to cry.

“What’s wrong, little boat?” whispered a gentle voice below him.

“I want to go home,” he sobbed.



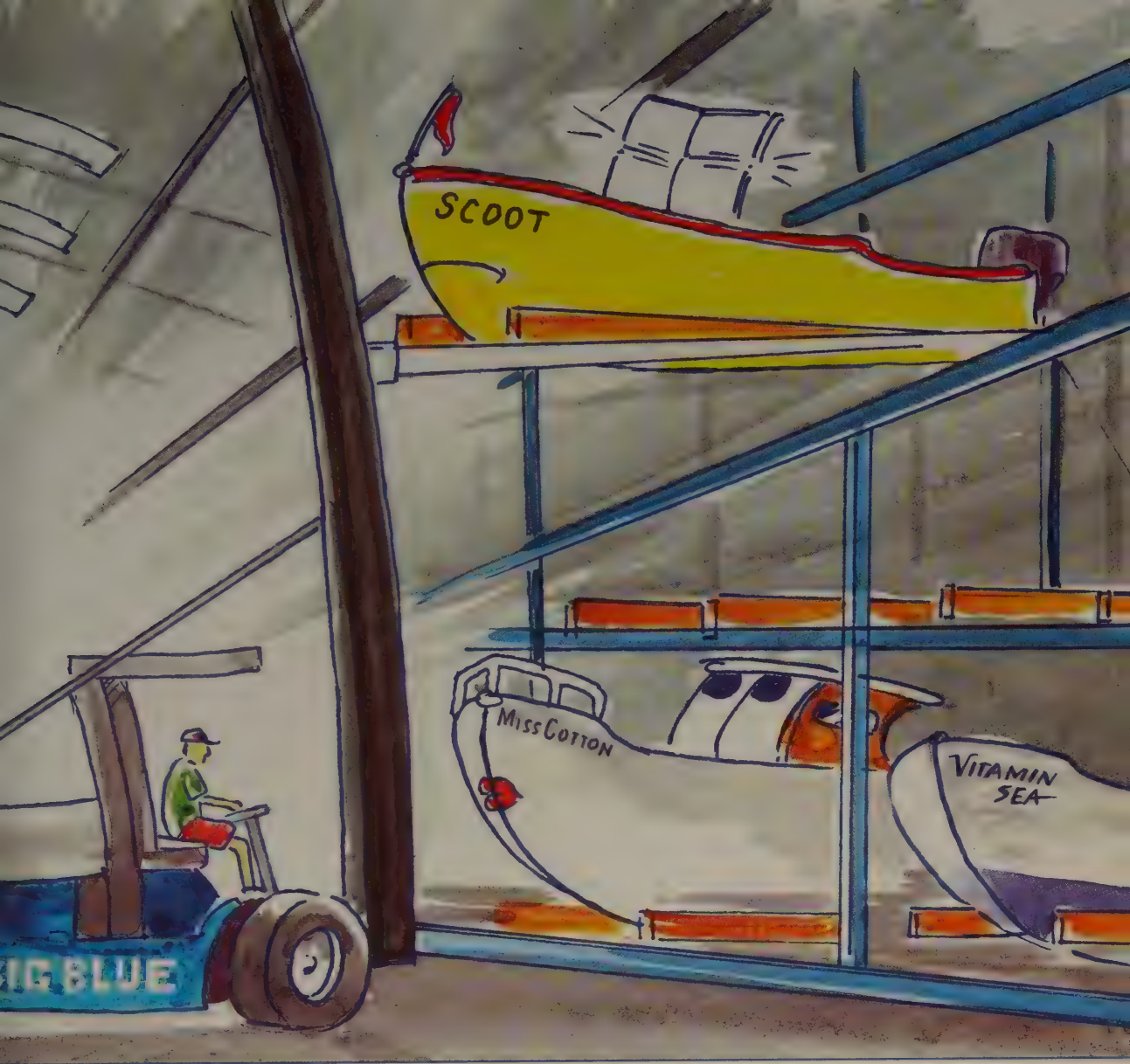
“You are home,” whispered the soft voice, “and you will love it here. I’m Miss Cotton. I’m in the bunk below you. What’s your name?”

“Scoot,” he whimpered.

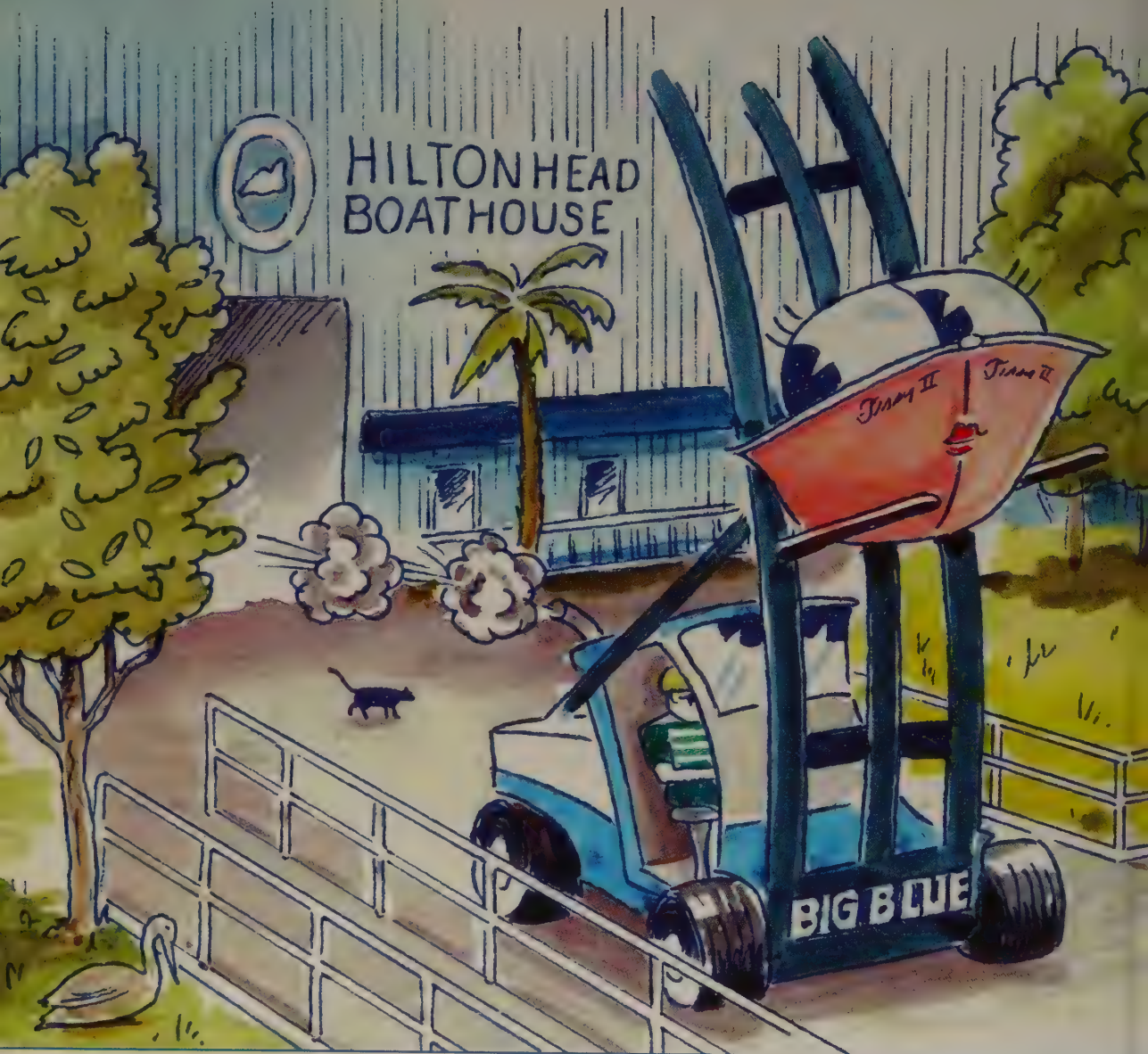
“Good to meet you, Scoot. I’ll be your friend. Try to sleep and you’ll feel better in the morning.”



When Scoot woke up daylight was streaming in the open door to the boathouse. It was so noisy! Boats were talking and laughing. Big Blue's engine roared as he came in and out carrying boats outside to the dock.



“OK, Scoot, your turn,” said Big Blue as he slid his strong arms under Scoot. “You are a lucky boat. You get to go in the water today.” Scoot closed his eyes tight as Big Blue carried him outside and put him in the water.



A few minutes later Big Blue came out of the boathouse holding the most beautiful boat Scoot had ever seen. She had a sparkly pink hull and written on her side was "*Tissy II*."

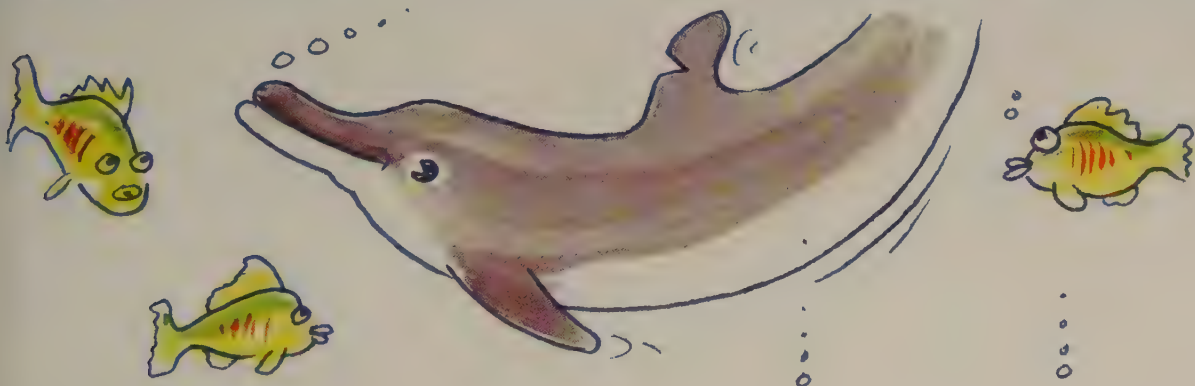


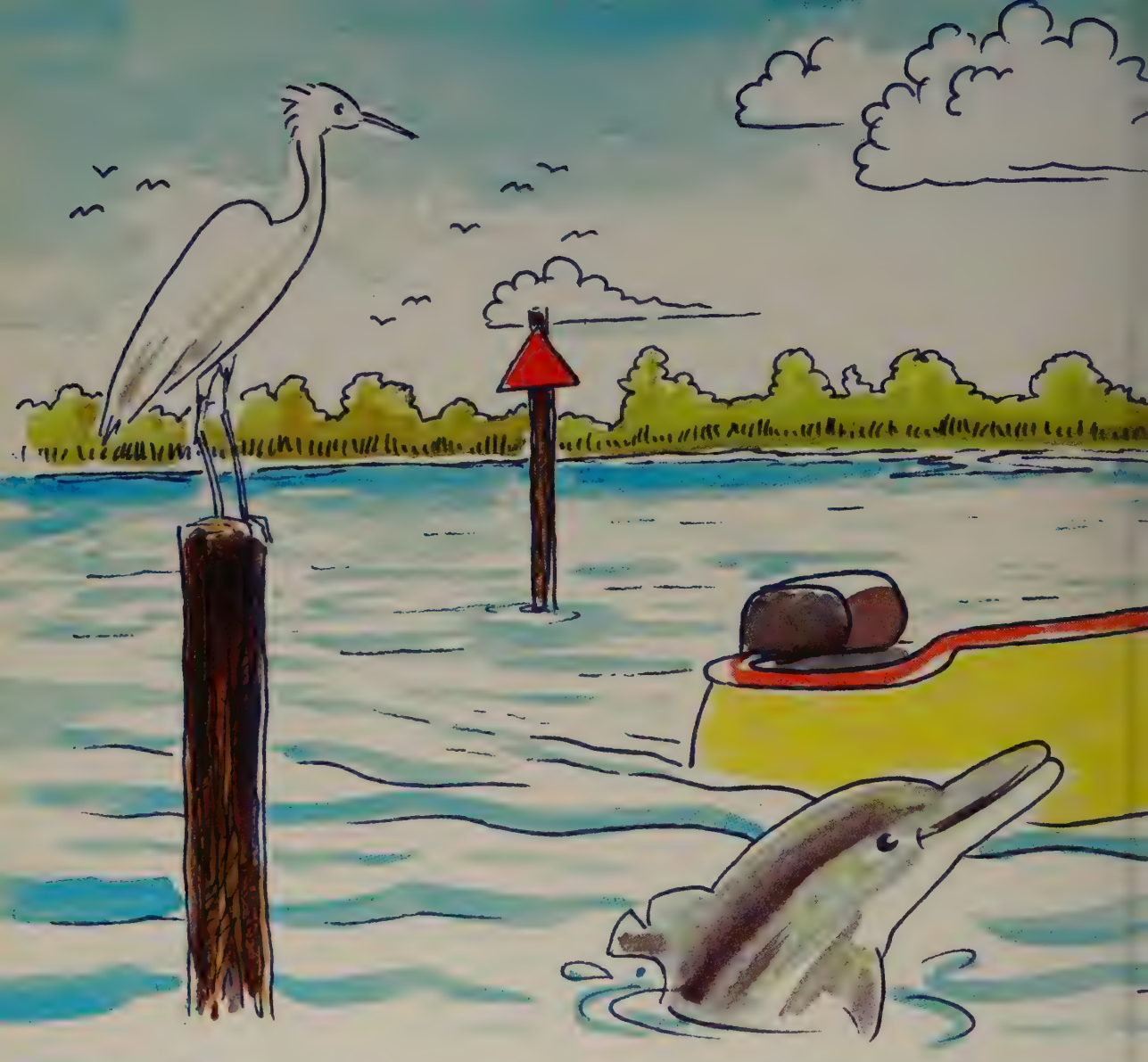
“Careful Big Blue, don’t scratch my new paint,” said Tissy II.

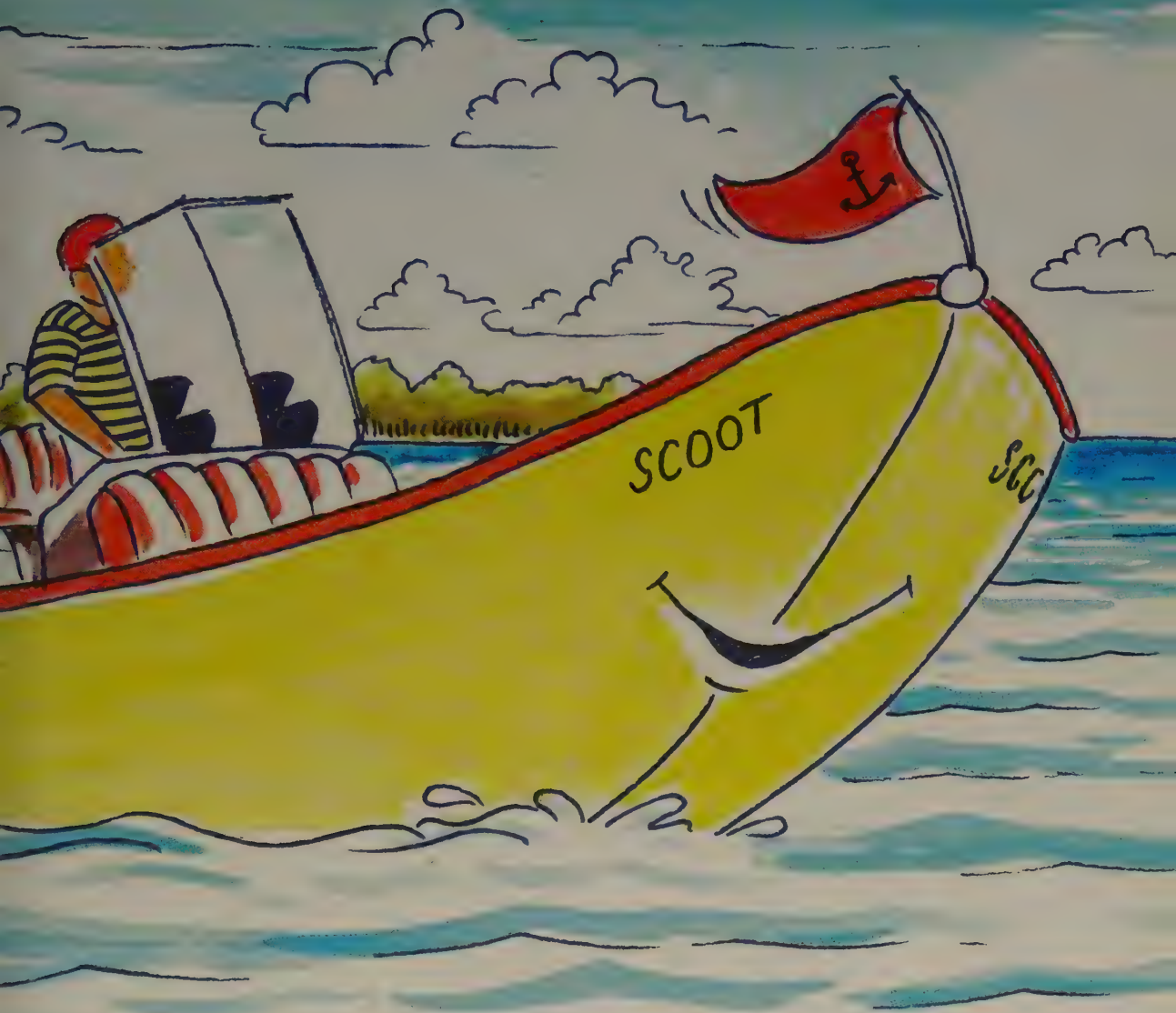
“Don’t worry, Tissy. You are safe with me,” said Big Blue.



With Captain aboard, Scoot's motor purred as he pulled away from the dock. Scoot was so happy to be in the water . . . and it wasn't even Saturday!







Splash! A friendly dolphin popped up on Scoot's starboard side.

"Hi, little boat," he said. "I'm Notch."

"Notch? That's a funny name," said Scoot.

"It's for the notch in my dorsal fin. See?"



As Scoot entered Calibogue Sound, he felt Captain push his throttle all the way forward. "Woohoo! This is fun. I love to go fast!" Scoot glanced back to see the biggest wake he'd ever made.



“Goodbye Notch,” he called out to his new friend. Then he and Captain sped off towards the big water.



Scoot spent the whole day with Captain exploring the waters around Hilton Head Island. When they got back to Skull Creek the sun was going down. The day had been so much fun, but now Scoot was very tired.

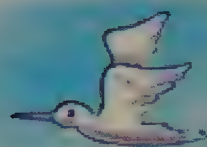




Scout was glad to see Big Blue waiting for him at the dock. He lifted Scout from the water, carried him into the boathouse and tucked him into his bunk. "Goodnight little Scout," said Big Blue.



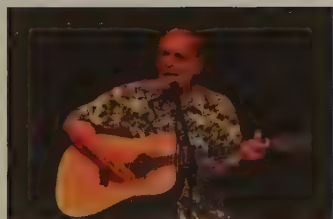
Scoot wasn't scared any more. It felt good to be in his comfy bed in the boathouse. He yawned and said, "Goodnight, Big Blue."





Ann Eilers Lilly – Author

A Kentucky native, Ann Lilly moved to Hilton Head Island with her husband and two daughters in 2001. She's been writing and sharing stories ever since. She has especially enjoyed collaborating with her brother and illustrator, Steven Eilers, in creating *Scoot's New Home*. Ann and her husband can often be found cruising the waters of Skull Creek on their boat, Scoot.



Steven Eilers – Illustrator

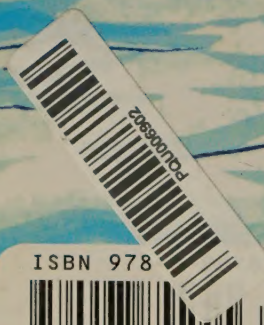
Louisville artist, Steve Eilers, co-owned and operated Eilers-Hewett Graphic Design Studio before retiring. His art can be viewed in the American Folk Art Museum in Atlanta and in galleries from Hilton Head Island to San Francisco. Also known as Stevacus, he plays guitar, drums, "a little clarinet and piano", writes music, and performs with a number of local bands.











ISBN 978 50-0-5 90000

9 780997 855005

P9-DFY-656